

CRIME MUST PAY THE PENALTY!

TRUE CASES OF ACTUAL CRIMES

OCTOBER NO. 10



10¢

OKAY COPPER / WHILE YOU'RE
DUCKIN' THIS LEAD I'LL MAKE
A CLEAN GETAWAY

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK, MUGG!





Exciting!

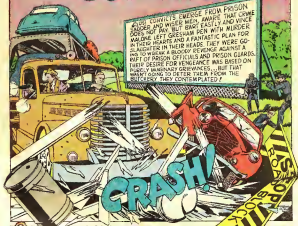
ACE
LOVE COMICS

THE BEST IN ROMANCE

BUY ALL 8 AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!

Revenge of the COP HATERS

4000 CONVICTS EMERGE FROM PRISON
SADDER AND WISER MEN, AWARE THAT CRIME
DOES NOT PAY, BUT BARELY AND VINCE
MALONE LEFT GRESHAM PEN WITH MURDER
IN THEIR HEARTS AND A FANTASTIC PLAN FOR
SLAUGHTER IN THEIR HEADS. THEY WERE GO-
ING TO WREAK A BLOODY REVENGE AGAINST A
RAFT OF PRISON OFFICIALS AND PRISON GUARDS.
THEIR DESIRE FOR REVENGE WAS BASED ON
PURELY IMAGINARY GRIEVANCES... BUT THAT
WASNT GOING TO DETER THEM FROM THE
SLICERY THEY CONTEMPLATED!



GRESHAM PENITENTIARY, AUGUST 1996.





WARDEN, IT'S THE SAME
THING ALL OVER AGAIN.
EASTLY AND MALONE HAVE
MADE TROUBLE SINCE THE
DAY THEY WERE ADMITTED.
THEY BREAK ALL RULES,
START FIRES, ATTACK
GUARDS...

WHAT'S
BOTHERING
YOU MEN?

COPS,
GUARDS,
WARDENS...
WE HATE
'EM ALL!



YOU'D HAVE BEEN RE-
LEASED NEXT MONTH
IF NOT FOR THE ADD-
ED SENTENCES YOU
FILED UP WITH PRISON
BREAKS AND INCITE-
MENTS TO RIOT...
WHY DON'T YOU
GET WISE?

FEARIT! ITS YOU
WHO GET BITTER
GET WISE! WE'RE
GON TO GET
YOU!-- START
PRAYIN!



SINCE YOU WON'T RESPOND TO
REASON AND PUNISHMENT I'LL
HAVE TO SEPARATE YOU. EASTLY
WILL BE SENT TO STATE PEN,
EFFECTIVE TOMORROW.

B-BUT... WE'VE
NEVER BEEN APART
BEFORE? YOU CAN'T
DO THAT TO US!



I CAN AND WILL! --
UNLESS YOU AMEND
YOUR WAYS, COPY OUR
REGULATIONS AND GET
THIS PREPOSTEROUS
HATRED OF AUTHORITY
OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM.

OKAY WARDEN,
YOU WIN. WE'LL
WATCH OURSELVES
BUT DON'T BUST
US UP...



DON'T YOU MEN REALIZE WE'RE
TRYING TO HELP YOU GO STRAIGHT?
YOU'RE PERSISTING IN THE
SAME WRONG ATTITUDES
THAT BROUGHT YOU HERE.

DON'T MAKE ME
LAUGH! A COPPER
LIKE YOU SENT US
UP THE RIVER!

THEY'RE
INCORRIGIBLE!



THE NEXT DAY...

THEY GOT US COMIN' AN'
GOIN' AS LONG AS WE'RE
PRISONERS, WE'VE BEEN
SUCKERS. BART, WE SHOULD
GET OUTA HERE FAST--
THEN GET OUR REVENGE
ON THE BLUE BELLES!

A YEAR AND A
HALF MORE --
THEN WE'LL
WIPE 'EM ALL
OUT--FROM
THE WARDEN
DOWN TO
THE COOK!



WE HEARD ABOUT THAT
RIOT YOU MUGGS STARTED
IN THE MESS HALL. YOU
GUYS ARE LOOS. THE COPS
GOT THEIR JOB TO DO. WHY
DON'T YOU COOPERATE?

WHY DON'T YOU
WIND YOUR OWN
BUSINESS? I HATE
NOTHING BUT A
GOP-LOVER!





B-BUT MR. DORRISH
ISN'T HOME. HE--
OHMY!

INSIDE, LADY, KEEP
YOUR MOUTH SHUT IF
YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD
FOR YOU! WE'LL WAIT
TILL YOUR HUSBAND
SHOES UP!



IT'S DORRISH, --LISTEN, LADY,
YOU TELL HIS SECRETARY
YOU'RE SICK, AN' MUST HAVE
HIS HOME!

YOU'LL BE **DEATHLY**
SICK IF YOU DON'T.
MR. DORRISH -- **EST**
END IT



THESE MEN LOOK LIKE KILLERS.
I... I CAN'T LIVE ANY TO
HIS DEATH!

CAPTAIN DORRISH MUSTN'T
COME HOME! TWO
KILLERS ARE HERE!

THEY...
UG

DIRTY DOG!
CHOSSEN!
PULL THOSE
WIRES OUT
VANCE!



I DUNTA
BLOW OUT
EVERY BRAIN
IN HIS TWO-
TUNNY HEAD!

NO! SHE'S OUT
COLD, BRIDES.
WE DON'T WANT
TO FRIGHTEN
THE NEIGHBORS
WITH SPOTS!
LET'S GET AFTER
THE WARDEN. DOUG
LAD OUGHT TO BE
HOMED NOW.



I HAVE CALLED THE OPERA-
TOR, CAPTAIN DORRISH.
YOUR HOME PHONE IS
OUT OF ORDER. SOME-
THING MUST BE WRONG...
I HEARD YOUR WIFE
SCREAM BEFORE THE
LINE WENT DEAD!

PHONE THE POLICE!
AM ON MY WAY HOME
NOW!



AT A DINER NEAR THE MAIN HIGHWAY--

UNCLE, THERE'S A JALOPY
OUT THERE. ITCHING TO BE
STOLEN. IT BELONGS TO
THAT RAT GUY AT THE COUNTRY.

OHAY BOON AS I
FINISH THIS PIE,
WE'LL HEIST HIM
FOR THE KEYS!



THAT'S IT, PATTY.
HAND OVER THE
KEYS AND NO
ARGUMENTS!

WHILE WE'RE ON THE
SUBJECT, PAL, EMPTY THE
CASH REGISTERS--AND NO
FUNNY STUFF!





THERE'S NO ANSWER AT THE WARDEN'S HOUSE! IT MEANS EASTLY AND MALONE GOT TO HIM! THE WARDEN TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO DIE IN ALL NIGHT.

WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST! MRS. DORRISH HEARD THEM SAY THEY WERE GOING TO GET EVERYBODY CONNECTED WITH THE PRISON!

IN AT WARDEN DORRISH'S HOUSE! THE HILL-CRAZY MORONS WERE HERE ALREADY! KILLED DORRISH AND HIS DAUGHTER IS CRAZY WITH SHOCK—SHE CAN'T HELP US!

CALLING ALL COPS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR TWO ARMED KILLERS IN A GREEN COUPE, DESCRIPTION AS FOLLOWS...



WE'RE CALLING EVERYBODY LIVING OUTSIDE THE PRISON, DECIDED! DON'T ADMIT ANYONE UNTIL POLICE PROTECTION ARRIVES!



LET'S SEE NOW, DOC REYNOLDS LIVES IN FLOODVILLE, HAWK... THAT'S ABOUT NINE MILES FROM HERE...

B-BART? A PATROL CAR'S COMING THIS WAY!

THE GREEN COUPE...



THAT'S IT? POLICE IT IN BEFORE THE COP HAS A CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING?

OH...HHH...



C-CAR SO CALLING... (GASP)... A-MET TWO KILLERS IN GREEN COUPE, THEY FIRED WITHOUT WARNING... AAM WOUNDED...

HERE'S MORE ON THE GREEN KILLERS' EASTLY AND MALONE ARE STILL AT LARGE, ALTHOUGH IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM TO BREAK THROUGH THE DRAGNET NOW BEING THROWN OVER THE ENTIRE STATE... ALL POLICE PERSONNEL HAVE BEEN ALERTED...



FAITHFUL... NOT ONLY DO WE HAVE TO STAY OFF THE ROADS TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE COPS, BUT I C-CAN'T DRIVE ANY MORE... I-THINK FALLING ASLEEP...

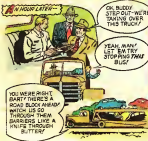
WE'LL STOP AT THAT MOTEL, EVERYBODY MUST'VE GONE HOME BY THIS TIME!



THE HUNT WILL CONTINUE ALL NIGHT, EVERY MOTEL AND TOURIST HOUSE WILL BE SEARCHED!

BART!... WE CAN'T STAY IN THIS MOTEL! THE COPS ARE SURE TO DROP IN!

ANY THIS WISE GUY IS SURE TO TELL HIM WE PASSED THIS WAY, I'LL GIVE HIM A TAP ON THE NOSE TO KEEP HIM QUIET UNTIL WE'RE OUT OF THE STATE.



THE GENIUS

PERFECT CRIME



EUGENE HALLIBY, AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN TO HIS NEIGH-
BORHOOD AS GENE, HAD ONLY TO BE LEFT ALONE WITH HIS BOOKS.
UNFORTUNATELY, BOOKS COST MONEY, AND MONEY WAS
HARD TO GET IN THE EARLY THIRTIES... THE DEPRESSION
WAS AT ITS WORST, AND JOBS WERE SCARCE. MANY OF HIS
TENTH-AVENUE FRIENDS WERE BURGLAR AND STICK-UP
MEN, AND THE GENIUS BEGAN TAKING LUCKY PROSPECTS
AND BLUEPRINTING CRIMES WHICH HE SOLD TO HIS FRIENDS
FOR A SHARE OF THE PROFITS. HIS "PLANS" WERE HIGHLY
SUCCESSFUL, AND HE PROSPERED. NO EUGENE HALLIBY
WAS HAPPY AND HAD EVERYTHING HE WANTED, UNTIL...





GOLDY, MEET MY PAL
GENE MARLICK--GENE
IS SHINED, IN PERSON!
YA MUSTA HAD 'BOUT
ABOUT THE WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD GOES
TO HIM FOR ADVICE.
GENE, SHAKE HANDS
WIT' GOLDY MARLOWE!

HI-YA! ANY
PAL OF
CROWBAR
BARTON'S
OKE WEE
ME!

W-H-HOW
D-DO YOU
DO?



WE TOOK ONE LOOK
AT YA, GOLDY AN
NEVER KNOW WHAT
HIT HIM? HE'S GOT
IT BAD!

YEAH? I THINK
HE'S KINDA
CUTE, TOO?

G-G-
GOSH!



ER, MAY I PUR-
CHASE REFRESH-
MENTS, MISS
MARLOWE?

CHAMPAGNE
FOR ME,
JOE!
I'LL GIVE
BOBBY
AN GIVE
GENE A
SHOT OF THE
SAME, HE
NEEDS IT!

BOBBS WERE
SILLYLYY NOTHING
BUT SO MUCH INFER
AND FRONT TO EUGENE
MARLICK-- AND
GOLDY MARLOWE
AND HIS GAY?
INTEREST FROM
THEY DAY ON.
HE CAME EVERY
NIGHT TO LOOK AT
HER AND HEAR
HER SING-- AND
BUY HER
CHAMPAGNE...
AND THEN ONE
EVENING...



MISS MARLOWE,
I-- I LOVE YOU!
WILL YOU
MARRY ME?

MARRY YOU?
YOU?



BROTHER, THE CHIMP'S MADDY
HAS GOT TO HAVE AT LEAST A
MILLION BUCKS? I AIN'T
GETTIN' FOR NO LIES!
DO GET YOURSELF A
MILLION SHAKERS--AND
THEN ASK ME.

VERY WELL,
MISS MARLOWE,
I'LL DO
THAT!



OF COURSE, IT MIGHT
REQUID COVERSAL
WEEKS, PERHAPS EVEN
MONTHS... A BILLION
DOLLARS IS A CON-
SIDERABLE AMOUNT
OF MONEY!

THAT GUY'S GOT
BROS ON HIS
AEDIAL...

THE DRY STREAM-BED AND IRRIGATION DITCH MAKE PERFECT TRENCHES! WHEN THE ARMORED CARS ARRIVE, HE BLOW UP THE TRESTLE AND THE PIPE, TRAPPING THEM BETWEEN! THE MILL WAS USED AS A TOOL, SHED FOR THE NINE BENEATH AND THERE'S A CONNECTING SHAFT! THAT'S OUR DEAR WATCH! WE EMERGE A MILE AWAY WHERE OUR GETAWAY CARS WILL BE PARKED!



AND SO AT 9:00 A.M. JUNE 16TH, 1933, ON A HIGHWAY SIX MILES OUTSIDE ALBANY, NEW YORK...



SIGNAL THE OTHERS TO GET READY! THE CARS WILL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE NOW! I'VE BEEN WATCHING EVERY MOUTH AND THEY'RE NEVER LATE!

"TWENTY!"



HERE THEY COME! GET DOWN! DON'T LET THEM SPOT YOU!

HEY, GIVE THEM TOO FAR AWAY!—WE CAN'T TRAP 'EM BOTH!



WHAT ROTTEN LUCK! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO LET THE FIRST ONE GO PAST—THE OTHER'S CARRYING MORE CASH!



BWOOM!

HOLY SHOCKS—AN AMBUSH!

BWOOM!

WHAT IN—



BWOOM!

HOLD YOUR FIRE AS SOON AS WE'VE BLASTED IT OPEN! WE DON'T WANT TO DESTROY THE CURRENCY! THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR!

**BUT BLASTING OPEN THE ARMOR-PLATED
VEHICLE WAS MORE EASILY SAID THAN DONE!**

GRENADES WON'T DO IT? COUSIN AR,
YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OVER THERE AND
PLANT DYNAMITE AGAINST THE COGG!
HURRY UP! OUR TIME'S RUNNING
OUT!



BUT THAT, TOO, WAS MORE EASILY SAID THAN DONE!



I FIGURED THE FIRST
CAR WOULD SPEED
AWAY TO GET THE COGS--
NOT STAY HERE TO
SNIP AT US!

YOU FIGURED WRONG,
GENIUS! THERE'S
OTHER CARS ON THE
ROAD TO DO THAT
CREEP. FOR A GENIUS
YOU CAN BE PRETTY
DUMB. WHAT DO WE
DO NOW?



CRAWL AROUND TO THE
BEREAVEMENT DITCH AND GET UPON
THE HIGHWAY DIRECTLY
BEHIND THE CAR WHERE
THAT SNIPER CAN'T SEE
YOU! WE'VE GOT TO
DYNAMITE THAT CAR
BEFORE THE POLICE
GET HERE!

I TAKE BACK
ABOUT YOUR
BEING DUMB.
THAT'S A
GOOD IDEA!



BUT INSIDE THE WRECKED CAR...

WELL, WELL! I DO GET A
CRACK AT ONE OF THE
SNEAKING SHAKES,
AFTER ALL!



WOY! WOY! THEM
GUYS'RE STILL ALIVE
INSIDE THAT CAR!

START TOSIN' MORE
PINEAPPLES!







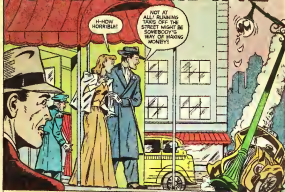
AND SO, EUGENE WALBYN'S FIRST PERSONAL PARTICIPATION IN A CRIME WAS ALSO HIS LAST... HIS PERFECT CRIME* HAD EXPLODED IN HIS FACE!



CRIME MUST PAY THE PENALTY! EUGENE WALBYN MADE ONE FATAL MISTAKE -- HE FORGOT ABOUT THE LAW... BUT THEN, EVEN A GENIUS CAN'T THINK OF EVERYTHING, WHICH IS WHY CRIME MUST ALWAYS PAY THE PENALTY!



SINISTER CAB COMBINE



H-HOW HORRIBLE!

NOT AT ALL! BLANKING
TAKES OFF THE
STREET MIGHT BE
SOMEBODY'S
WAY OF MAKING
MONEY!

HILDY QUINN WAS DETERMINED TO BECOME A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, A PATRON OF THE ARTS, A FINANCIER...YET QUINN PROPOSED TO CLIMB UP THE SOCIAL LADDER WITHOUT SEVERITY OF GOOD MANUERS OR GOOD CITIZENSHIP. HILDY QUINN HAD DISCOVERED A GOLD MINE ON WHEELS, AND THE RUDDY VILLAIN HE IMPLEMENTED TO EXTRACT GOLD FROM A TYRANNICAL RACKET WAS ONLY A MEANS TO AN END. HILDY QUINN WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE THE SOCIAL REGISTER, AND HE DIDN'T CARE OVER WHOSE DEAD BODY!

AT A MIDTOWN CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT IN
N.Y.C., 1930...



YOUR
HAT, MR.
QUINN.

THANKS, MIKE.
PUT EVERYTHING
ON MY BELT,
SAM.

THAT'S WHAT I'VE
BEEN DOING FOR
A YEAR! I SAY, IF
A GUY CAN'T PAY
HIS BILLS, HE SHOULDN'T
RUN 'EM UP...

CLEANING
AND
POLISHING
WASH
YOU WANT

I KNOW,
MIETER QUINN-
I SHOULD PUT
THE SHINE
DOWN IN MY
LITTLE BLACK
BOOK!

ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL STUMBLE
ON A GOLD MINE AND TRY YOU
DOUBLE WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN
THAT DOG-EARED BLACK BOOK.
LUNGS!















THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AT A DOWNTOWN WHISK...



DROP IT, HACK! YOU'RE COVERED!

S-SOMEBODY DOUBLE-CROSSED US! DON'T LET THE BULLS TAKE US WITHOUT A FIGHT! NOW TIM DOWN!

HACK DIED AS HE LIVED... DISOBEYING THE LAW TO THE END! NOW FOR QUINN, ANGELL. YOU'RE GOING TO BREAK THE NEWS TO ALBY AT YOUR APPOINTMENT!

OKAY, SERGEANT! JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO AND SAY!



AN HOUR LATER, AT ANGELL'S APARTMENT...

YOU GOTTA MAKE UP YOUR MIND NOW, HEDY. YOU GOTTA COME OUT IN THE OPEN AS LEADER OF THE MOB, OR THE WHOLE ORGANIZATION WILL FALL APART!

LOOK, ANGELL, EVERYTHING HACK DID, EVERY MURDER, EVERY RAID WAS JUST CARRYING OUT MY ORDER! I WAS THE BRAIN BEHIND THE MOB-NOW I'LL BE THE BRAIN, TOO!



THANKS, QUINN, FOR THE CONFESSION THAT WILL SEND YOU TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! IT'S ALL RECORDED ON A PLANTED DICTAPHONE! COVER 'EM, BOYS!

ANGELL (GASP!) YOU DELIBERATELY LED ME ON! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME, YOU FIGHTY-



YECOWAW... IN MY ARMS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, NAKKUS! NEVER!

QUINN! CUT HIM OFF AT THE DOOR!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! I'LL OUTSMART YOU YET! I'LL JUMP TO THE NEXT HOUSE! AND I'LL KILL ANYBODY WHO FOLLOWS ME!

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, YOU FOOL! IT'S TOO WICK!



V-YOU'RE A LIAR! I... EEEAAA!

I KNEW IT! HE'S DONE FOR NOW!



BUT HE WAS COMING FOR FROM THE BEGINNING. QUINN THOUGHT HIS SNEAKY SHREWDNESS WOULD REE HIM THROUGH, BUT A SMOOTH-TONGUED OPERATOR LIKE QUINN OR A BRUTE LIKE HACK LEWIS... NEITHER STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE LAW!

THE END

LINEUP MASQUERADE

DAN MADIGAN walked into the lineup at headquarters with one chance against him. That chance was Detective Flannery. Flannery knew him, he knew. Flannery who was assigned to headquarters but might not be on duty.

The light fell on the prisoners as they passed and the masked detectives scrutinized them. It was the big parade to Dan. He knew that some of those ahead of him were dead pigeons. But he was still flying. It all depended on whether Flannery was in that crowd. Flannery who knew him well, Flannery who couldn't be mistaken.

Flannery could have picked him out of a million people. But thus far he seemed to be doing pretty well.

He walked back and forth after the others were eliminated. He looked out at the sea of faces. How strange they looked with the masks on them. It reminded Dan of a masquerade party, but he knew that it would be no party for him if Flannery were among the spectators.

Flannery knew him from the small town in Ohio. Flannery had grown up there, Flannery had come to New York and had become a detective.

That much Dan had learned from friends to whom he had written letters. He and Flannery had never been friends. Flannery had called him a bag egg once. Even in the early days Dan had criminal tendencies. The town soon knew it when time and again he was arrested.

Then the town was well rid of him and he had wandered. He had come on to New York. Had changed his name to Madden.

He had been doing pretty well in the rackets, but the one the police were looking for was Dan Madigan.

It seemed that this Dan Madigan had left a trail behind him even before he had come to New York. He had now too gently basketed a jeweler on the head one night with a blackjack. The jeweler, who had conducted a lucrative business on the side as a fence, hadn't liked it. He had reported it to the police, but Madigan had departed for other parts.

It was an old story standing against him. Yet that had happened six years ago, and he had come to New York, and it was only last night that somebody had tried to do something about it. As he stepped out into the glare of light from a Broadway restaurant, a girl arrested him.

"Hello, Dan," she said. "Remember me?"

"You must be mistaken," said Dan.

"Ain't you Dan Madigan? Ain't that your moniker?"

"I certainly am not," said Dan.

"Gee, you look like him. Though of course, you've changed. But I'd know those eyes. Ain't you Dan Madigan, the guy that copped that jeweler in Boise, Idaho, six years ago?"

A man, passing, who had suffered the last remark, stopped, and pretended to light his pipe. The match went out, blown out, and he lit another.

"I certainly am not," said Dan, not knowing in this crowded thoroughfare that a man had stopped to hear more of their conversation.

Someone jostled the girl and she laughed. "Crowded place. But say, ain't you kidding?"

"No, I'm not," said Dan. But he knew her. Tinnie something-or-other who had hung out in the joint down from the jeweler's. Tinnie, whom Dan had met once.

"Well, pardon me," said Tinnie, emphasizing the words and making big eyes. "Pardon me, brother. But if you ain't Dan Madigan, what do you say, anyway, if we have a drink?"

"Nothing doing," said Dan.

"Let me ask you. You've got a brother, ain't you? A swell kid. Good fellow, they say. Home boy. You and he were as different as they come. If you see Dan Madigan," Tinnie laughed.

Dan was getting rare. "Oh, beat it," he said. "I don't fall for dames that walk up with that kind of stare."

The girl turned and left hastily before the detective could stop her. But he had Dan. "Just a second," he said.

"What's the idea?"

"You and I are going to take a walk, fellow."

"Say, what is this?" said Dan. "First, some dizzy dame. And then—"

The detective flashed a badge.

"Oh, a dick. Well, you ain't going to fall for that kind of game? That gal was trying to pick me up."

"I don't know. Maybe she was. But she seemed pretty certain of it. Got away in the crowd, and I didn't want you to get away. That's why I nabbed you."

Dan nodded. "All right," he said. "I can prove who I am. I'm Dan Madden, I live over at a small hotel. I can take you there and be identified."

The detective grinned. "Sure. You're known as Madden. But what would have prevented you from changing your name?"

Dan knew that he was in a tight corner, yet he was pretty sure of himself. It was years since he had been in Boise, Idaho. No one, he felt, would recognize him there. The jeweler had seen him only once and the report had been declared. The girl had recognized him but he had baffled even her.

But only two years ago, he had run into Flannery in Chicago, and had recognized Flannery right off. Flannery was twenty years his senior. Flannery was a grown man when Dan was still a kid.

And he couldn't resist showing off to Flannery and had cracked him on the back and had said, "Remember me, Flannery?"

Flannery had stared. He was confronting a tall, dark-haired man in the early thirties, who was well-dressed. "No, I don't," Flannery had said.

"Dan Madigan From—"

"Oh, yeah?" Flannery had said. "So you're Dan Madigan. What are you doing, Dan?"

"Oh, I'm selling oil stock. But it's on the level."

"It better be. You know when you were a kid I said you were a bad egg."

"Yeah. Kids change. Get better."

"Sometimes. I'm with the New York police department. In Chicago to—Well, I'm glad to have seen you, Dan. Glad to hear that the egg is good."

Dan smiled now that he hadn't been so early. But how was he to know that two years later—

"Well," said the detective, "we'd better take a walk. Headquarters is the place to clear yourself. You see, we've got a lot of undesirable characters in town. Somehow I've got the feeling that you're a criminal."

"You don't always think the worst. O.K., buddy. Take me along."

Headquarters was dubious about him. Men who were wheeled in the ways of wrong up criminals didn't like his looks. Dan was a little too smooth. He had a glib tongue, an air that was too confident.

There, of course, didn't necessarily make him the Dan Madigan in question. Headquarters fished some and got the flash back. Yes, it was still on the books. Wanted for notorious smash. Charged, also, with robbery.

Dan, suspecting what was being done, still kept a stiff upper lip. It was a tough spot but he could wait until if he weren't recognized by Flannery. Would Flannery be at the well-known lounge at headquarters in the morning? It was the one chance.

Let them weed on desks from Boise. From any place. Let them weed on people from his home town. He had no living relative except his brother. And he hadn't seen his brother in five years. When he had met him in St. Louis, the kid was growing up. Still poky. He had looked shabby and discouraged. He was working for a company selling brushes.

And Dan had given him ten dollars and had forgotten about him. The kid was a nuisance. There had never been any brotherly love between them. And it was Dan's fault. The kid had gone to Sunday school and had told Dan that he ought to get some religion. That it might help him, and Dan had laughed.

Whenever the kid had tried to confide in Dan, he was met by a barrier of indifference. Dan had left school prematurely, expelled by an idiot principal. The kid's interest in books and learning was belittled by Dan. He mocked the kid, taunting him with "Gee!" The difference in their ages had not retarded any sense of guardianship in Dan. It only served to distance them still further than the difference in personality did.

Then when their aunt had died with whom they had been living, Dan had left home. He was tired of shelling out his money to support other people. Not that he had ever been unduly generous with his old aunt. She had had to work and threaten before he turned over a couple of dollars to her. But he'd always begrudged those few dollars. Now he could be free at last. Without a woman in the house to keep his room clean and his laundry attended to, there was nothing to hold him to the house or the town. Let the kid shift for himself. He would only be a millstone around his neck.

And so the kid had gone his lonely way. And Dan now was held in New York.

The master of ceremonies of this racket, as Dan called him and it, told him to walk back and forth again. "Any of you men know this fellow?" he asked.

Dan looked around. He couldn't be sure but he thought he recognized Flannery. It was Flannery's build. The shape of Flannery's head he remembered it. But there was the mask over the eyes, and Dan was baffled.

No one spoke. Dan was smiling. It couldn't be Flannery. Flannery would have sung out.

But another voice suddenly rang out and Dan looked up startled. He tried to grasp to identify the voice. For there was a familiar ring to it—it must be coming from the man whose head and build had reminded him of Flannery. It had been Flannery, after all. Flannery, who'd professed a bad end for him. And now Flannery was ready to identify him, to make sure the kid egg had his tail end.

"Yes, I know him." The mask came off. "He's Dan Madigan all right. I—I'm his brother!"

PLEDGED TO HOMICIDE

ETHAN BAKER AND JOSEPH GORDY HAD ALWAYS BEEN LONE OPERATORS, BUT WHEN THEY MET THEY RECOGNIZED A KINDRED SPIRIT IN ONE ANOTHER AND A FURTHER SHIP WAS BORN. BOTH HAD CRIMINAL RECORDS DATING BACK TO CHILDHOOD, AND BOTH HAD AN OBSCURINE AFFINITY FOR BREAKING OUT OF JAIL. ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 12, 1945, THEY DECIDED TO LEAVE THE CONFINES OF AN ALMA PRISON... THE VIOLENCE PAIR HAD CONVERTED THE PLASTIC HANDLES OF THEIR TOOTH-BRUSHES INTO KEYS! THEY'D MADE IMPRESSIONS OF THEIR CELL LOCKS FROM FRANKLY-COM-
PRESSED CIGARETTE PAPER!



THE KEYS FIT! GORRE MADE A RUN FOR THE PARKED CAR, STEPPED ON THE GAS AND BOARED THROUGH THE GATES WHICH BAKER SWUNG OPEN! THE STARTLED GUARDS OPENED FIRE --



COME ON, BAKER, JUMP IN!

BUT TOO LATE TO STOP THE ESCAPE-ARTISTS!



WHAT A BREAK! THIS JALOPY'S SUPER-CHARGED!

YEAH, TOO BAD IT'S TOO HOT TO KEEP-- WE GOTTA MAKE A FAST TRADE!

A LITTLE LATER...



WE'RE SWAPPIN' WITH M, MISTER! GET OUTA THE CAR!

GET OUTA YOUR OVERCOAT AN' JACKET, TOO! WE'RE COOL!

AFTER HOURS OF TISSAGING OVER THE COUNTRYSEID...

GET A LOAD OF THAT CLOTHING STORE, GORRE! MAYBE WE CAN GET OUTFITTED!

MAYBE... DON'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY AROUND... MIGHT BE A WRENCH OR SCREWTUN' IN THE TRUNK WE CAN USE TO JIMMY TH' DOOR!



THERE WAS A WRENCH...



WOM'S TUX JACKET FIT IN BACK, BAKERT?

COME ON, GORRE! IT'S GETTING LIGHT! WE GOTTA CLEAR OUTA HERE!

HEAD FOR DES MOINES, BAK! I GOT FRIENDS THERE WHO'LL HELP US HIDE OUT TIL TH' HEAT'S OFF!

DES MOINES? WE GOTTA GO TO IOWA CITY! I GOTTA HOLO UP A BANK THERE BEFORE I DO ANYTHIN' ELSE!

YOU GOTTA ?? WELL, OK, SEE, WHAT D'YA WEAR YA GOTTA? I WAS BOIN' A STICK-UP JOB ON THIS HERE BANK WHEN THE COPPER COME IN AN' HAD ME, THE BANK MANAGER LAUGHED RIGHT IN MY FACE WHEN THEY SLAPPED THE BRACELETS ON. I PROMISED HIM I'D FINISH THE JOB AS SOON AS I GOT OUTA T'YER-AN' WHIN I MAKE A PROMISE, I KEEP IT!





THE NEXT DAY AT NOON...



8 ONE MILE OUTSIDE OF TOWN...





LATER...

GET A LOAD OF THIS ADZENER! SHOT-GUNS, BULLETS, TEAR-GAS, AMMUNITION! THIS IS OUR LUCKY DAY!

I'LL TAKE THIS GUY INSIDE AN' TIE HIM UP SO HE CAN'T REPORT HIS CAR SWINDLED TOO SOON!



THAT FARMER MUST HAVE AN AWFUL LOT OF TREE STUMPS ON HIS LAND-- LOOK AT ALL THE DYNAMITE I FOUND IN THE SHED! THERE'S MORE, TOO! GO GET THE REST!

HUH? WHAT DO WE NEED ALL THAT DYNAMITE FOR?



TO BLOW UP BELMONT, RHODES ISLAND. WE'LL NEED ALL THE DYNAMITE WE CAN GET OUR HANDS ON, IF WE EXPECT TO BLOW UP A WHOLE TOWN!

I--I GUESS YER RIGHT... ONLY UP TIL NOW I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BLOW UP EVEN HALF A TOWN!



OH, DIDN'T I EVER TELL YA ABOUT THAT? A BELMONT COP ONCE HAULED ME IN FOR SPEEDING, AN' WHAT WITH ONE THING AN' ANOTHER, I WIND UP GETTIN' THREE YEARS. I WAS SO MAD I SWORE I'D BLOW THE TOWN RIGHT OFF THE MAP!



OF COURSE, WE AINT ONLY GONNA KEEP MY PROMISE-- WE'LL DO A LITTLE BUSINESS, TOO, AND CLEAN OUT EVERY BUCK IN TOWN!

YOUR CRAZY IDEAS HAVE ALL WORKED SO FAR, GORNE-- YOU CAN COUNT ME IN!





THE CLEVELAND POLICEMAN IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED THE TWO DESPERADOES!





THAT WAS FAST THINKIN'!
NOW WE GOTTA DO SOME
FAST TRAVELIN'! EVERY COP
IN TOWN WILL BE ON
TOP OF US NOW!

A MINUTE LATER, THE FUGITIVES WERE
SPREADING OUT OF THE CITY TRYING
TO BEAT THE ROAD BLOCKS THAT
WERE SURE TO BE THROWN UP TO
STOP THEM.



IF WE KEEP TO
THE DIRT ROADS
AND OFF THE
HIGHWAYS WE
MIGHT HAVE A
CHANCE!

AM, THEY WON'T GET
US? WE CAN OUTSMART
TH' STUPID COPS ANY-
TURE? WE AIN'T
PUBLIC ENEMIES
! AND 2 FOR
NOTHIN'?

THEY DID BECOME THE POLICE... IN
THE MARCH THAT FOLLOWED THEY
WERE REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN IN
PRACTICALLY EVERY STATE IN THE
UNION, AND THEIR TIME WAS LOST.
THEY PULLED NO MORE JOBS, EXCEPT
TO STEAL TWO NEW CARS WITH WHICH
THEY ARRIVED AT THE LITTLE TOWN
OF BELMONT, RHODE ISLAND TO COM-
MENCE A CRIME DWARF OF IN CRIMINAL
HISTORY-- THE DIRMOLITION OF AN
ENTIRE CITY! JOSEPH BORRE HAD
MADE A PROMISE!



PLAT VERY NIGHT...



WHEN I HAVE
PLANTED
DYNAMITE
INSIDE
EVERY
SEWER ON
MAIN
STREET!
HOW
WHAT?

I'LL BE
DAYLIGHT
SOON... WE'LL
HAVE TO WAIT
UNTIL TO-
NIGHT
TO
WIRE TH'
STICKS,
SOONS THAT'S
DONE, WE'LL
BLOW TH'
JOINT
APART!

DURING THE DAY...



THE DUMB COPS AROUND
HERE WILL NEVER GET
WISE-- THE ONLY COMES
THEY HAVE TO
COME WITH
ARE TRAFFIC
VIOLATIONS!
THIS IS
GOING TO
BE A
CINCUS!

MAYBE, BUT
NO SENSE
PUSHING
OUR LUCK.
LET'S GET OFF
TH' STREETS
AN' INTO A
HOLE...



IT WAS THEM!
THEM!



'THE SUSPECT?'
HAT THAT'S FOR
US?

MADE TO ORDER! IT'S
ALMOST LIKE THEY
WAS EXPECTIN'
US! HAHA!

2 **DAWNES...**



THERE'S NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT! IT'S THE
SAME TWO MEN!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS,
LET'S GO GET 'EM!



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO COVER ALL THE EXITS AND WAIT UNTIL THEY COME OUT-- WE DON'T WANT ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE GETTING HURT, SO WE CAN'T GO IN AFTER THEM.

TWO HOURS LATER...

IT WAS A GOOD PICTURE AHEAD-- BUT THAT BASTARD MUST BE HURRYING HISSELF UP TO THE LAW LIKE THAT!

YEAH, YOU'D NEVER CATCH ME WALKING INTO A COP'S ARMS...



YOU'RE COVERED! REACH FOR A GUN AND WE'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN!

OH DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT! WE GIVE UP!

NOT SO TOUGH NOW ARE YOU?

WE'RE TOO SMART TO LET YOU COPS SHOOT US! GO AHEAD AND SHAP US IN JAIL! WE'LL BE OUT BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!

HOW DID WE TRAP HERE, ANYWAY?

WE WERE EXPECTING YOU, AND EVERY MAN ON THE FORCE STUDIED YOUR PICTURE SO THEY COULD RECOGNIZE YOU ON SIGHT. WE EXPECTED YOU BECAUSE YOU PROMISED TO COME BACK HERE AND IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT YOU ALWAYS KEEP YOUR PROMISES!

AND AS FOR BREAKING OUT OF JAIL, YOU GUYS ARE HEADED FOR THE FEDERAL PEN NOW. WHERE YOU CAN'T BREAK OUT!



YOU, AN YER PROMISES!

WHY? THAT CRAZY GORGE ACTUALLY PLANTED DYNAMITE TO BLOW UP THE TOWN? HE WAS REALLY GOING TO DO IT!

SURE, HE WAS. IT'S KIND OF IDIOTIC... IT WAS HIS OBSESSION WITH KEEPING HIS WORD THAT ENABLED THE LAW TO CATCH UP TO HIM!

IMAGINE WHAT A MAN WITH HIS IRON DETERMINATION COULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED IF HE'D ALLIED HIMSELF WITH THE LAW INSTEAD OF AGAINST IT! WOW!



JOSEPH GORGE AND EDWARD BAKER ARE BEHIND BARS FOR LIFE... WHICH PROVES THAT NO MATTER HOW CLEVER AND LUCKY A CRIMINAL MIGHT BE HE IS DOOMED TO DEFEAT... CRIME MUST PAY THE PENALTY!

The
END

IT CAN BE DONE ... but don't try it!

Sometimes it's possible to break all the rules—and get away with it.

The famous Tower of Pisa, for instance, has successfully defied both sound engineering practice and the law of gravity for over 600 years.

But for most of us, most of the time, the rules hold.

That is particularly true when it comes to saving money.

The first rule of successful saving is regularity . . . saving away part of every pay check, month after month.

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